

ice ice baby by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

“It’s just so *hot* out here.” And then the fucker takes the ice cube, rolls it down his chin, along his neck, and down to his collarbone. “I need something to cool off.”

Steve *usually* would suggest using the *pool* sitting less than a few feet away. But he’s not that incredibly thick. He knows a game when he sees one, and he’s not about to give Billy any reason to *stop* putting that ice cube where Steve wants his *tongue* to go.

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Author's Note:

Day 6 - Icy Play

Sorry for skipping day 5 but day 4 took far too long. But fear not, blindfolds will be done later in the schedule.

Also, I will not apologize for the title. Stupid and proud.

Heat is all about context.

Sometimes it's great. Something to cuddle up to and crave.

Until it's like *this*.

It's a scorcher, so the weatherman says. The kind of summer heat that sticks to the skin and makes it feel heavy the second it hits. It's *disgusting*.

Except when he's out by the pool. Steve *loves* the heat in this context. He's practically naked and, well.

So is Billy.

Because, apparently, Billy doesn't believe in modesty *ever*.

And California makes the smallest swimsuits of all time, according to the tiny *tiny* speedo on the guy's body.

Which, clearly, Steve doesn't *mind*. It's a great view. Billy has been lifting at home in his free time, which is *ample* in the summer. And he's been hanging out at the Harrington house since the end of school.

First to watch Max.

Then to watch *Steve*.

Now he's a warm, golden brown from his toes to his nose, excluding the small sliver of skin over his hips.

Which Steve has mapped with his lips and fingers -- several times since the beginning of this *thing* they've started. Turns out he's into Billy. Like, *really*, into him.

And Billy must like him back because the guy has been appearing on his stoop everyday. He *claims* it's the heat, and the lack of air conditioning at the Hargrove house, that keeps him coming back like a needy *baby*. But Steve isn't an idiot.

He knows what it's like to *want* someone and be afraid to show them how much.

Neither he or Billy are card players, *apparently*, because their poker faces suck.

Steve's crazy about the big, buff blond on his patio. He can't stop *peeking* at him over his magazine, just *staring* at his browning skin. Billy's beautiful. It makes it hard to not *look*. Constantly.

"Gosh, it's hot out here."

And well, since when has Billy ever used the word *gosh* before in the history of *ever*, Steve looks over his sunglasses across the way. Not for the first time, he gets an eye full of Billy's flexing abdomen as he takes a drink from a sweating lemonade glass. Steve watches, captivated, as water dribbles down the sides until it drips onto Billy's skin, running down in rivulets.

"Pretty damn hot, yeah." He agrees quietly, taking in the way Billy's throat bobs with each swallow. The way his stomach muscle bunch when he sits up to set the glass back down.

"Man, that's sweet." The guy comments, his words a little garbled.

And then he's plucking an ice cube out of his mouth with a mischievous grin that says *I want to play*. It's a look that Steve's come to recognize and he licks his lips. Puts down the magazine he'd been reading because *damn* if he's going to pay attention to anything but *this*.

“Sweet.” He repeats, like a spellbound echo, and Billy laughs.

“It’s just so *hot* out here.” And then the fucker takes the ice cube, rolls it down his chin, along his neck, and down to his collarbone. “I need something to cool off.”

Steve *usually* would suggest using the *pool* sitting less than a few feet away. But he’s not that incredibly thick. He knows a game when he sees one, and he’s not about to give Billy any reason to *stop* putting that ice cube where Steve wants his *tongue* to go.

“Looks like you’re cooling down okay.” He teases, watching as the ice glazes over a nipple, leaves it pebbled and *hard*. The memory of sucking on Billy’s nipples makes Steve’s mouth water and he bites his bottom lip, wishing like hell he was trailing the stupid frozen cube along with this *teeth*.

He’d take his time. He’d make sure Billy was absolutely *aching* before he gave in.

“Mmm.” Billy shifts on the lounge, opens his legs until Steve’s eye is drawn to the bulge at the apex of his thighs. The *obvious* erection growing under his little shorts. “It feels nice.”

“Sure it does.” Steve slowly sits up, has to *brace* himself from leaping the distance between them to get his mouth on *something*. “Looks good too.”

Billy pokes his tongue between his teeth in a shark-like grin, lifts his hips like a *jerk* to show off all the things he *knows* Steve wants, but can’t have unless he comes to get it.

Here kitty kitty kitty.

The tease drags the ice down his chest, makes a long path from his left nipple to his right before he circles his belly button, sighs and starts to breathe like he’s having *trouble*.

And, honestly, Steve isn’t willing to miss out on much more when Billy opens his eyes and says, “Harrington, *get over here.*”

With as much grace as a steamroller, Steve scrambles to get between

Billy's thighs, to get his hands on all the *hot* skin on display for his eyes. Billy's body is a visual feast, and Steve gorges himself in a matter of moments before leans in and actually samples the goods.

Namely, kissing the *hell* out of the smirking *idiot*.

"You having fun?" He grumbles into Billy's mouth, happily savoring the way they both taste too sweet, like sugar right out of the bag.

Or lemonade mix right out of the canister, as it happens.

"Am now." Billy purrs, stretching out under Steve's body like a large cat. The ice cube, now abandoned, melts steadily on Billy's stomach. And Steve watches the water run down his sides, wonders idly if he should lap it up.

But then he has a better use for his mouth.

"Take off your suit." He orders, moving down the lounge chair until he's level with Billy's crotch.

Usually Billy isn't one to follow directions, or like being *told* to do anything. However, he never seems to have a problem getting naked.

Especially when Steve is hungrily kissing his lower stomach, looking at him with *intent*.

"Oh *yeah*." Billy murmurs to no one in particular as he hooks his thumbs in the waistband, pulls them *down* so terribly fast that Steve is grinning.

He's not the only one that's *eager* when they're together. Not by a long shot.

Leaning up on his knees, Steve kisses Billy's lips softly. He lets each kiss grow more airy, more chaste, until Billy is sitting up to try and pull him deeper. That's when he pulls away, smirking, and lowers his head, takes the sliver of ice cube that remains onto his tongue and sucks the head of Billy's cock in his mouth.

"Holy *shit*." The guy swears, reaching for his hair in an instant, his whole body torquing from the temperature duality. "Steve, holy *shit*."

He hums with approval around Billy's cock, goes to work taking more into his mouth until the head is brushing the back of his throat, tempting him to gag.

Billy *likes* when he gags. But this isn't about *that*. This is about the hunk of ice that he's pressing to Billy's shaft with his tongue, rubbing up and down the length of him while he *sucks*.

There are moments when Steve wonders how he *got* so good at fucking Billy. But then again, he doesn't question his good fortune for having relative *skill* at sucking cock.

It's *hot*, that he can get Billy murmuring curses while simultaneously whispering his name, stroking his hair and lifting his hips from the chair to get *more* of Steve's mouth on him. It's greedy but it's all passion, which is *precisely* Billy.

For once, Steve understands why people lose their minds over summer loves.

The ice melts after a little while but Steve doesn't let up, swallowing down the water. He circles a hand around Billy's shaft, strokes him with each bob of his head until Billy is letting out breathy moans.

Steve knows when he *has* him. Knows every tell that Billy has, every single one. When salty precome floods his senses, makes him drool, he focuses on the head of Billy's cock.

"Oh *jesus* don't stop." Billy doesn't have to tell him. He knows. He knows how he likes being stroked through, likes being touched. Running his free hand up Billy's side, he's focusing on going faster, sucking harder, when Billy's clutching his hand.

And their fingers weave together just before Billy comes on his tongue.

He tastes good, because of *course* he does. The guy has been drinking lemonade and doing nothing but sunning for days.

He tastes like sunshine.

Steve swallows every drop, watching Billy moan and stretch on the

chair, his eyes hooded with pleasure. It's a view he wouldn't trade for anything.

He'd take another plate to the head for a view like this one every day.

When he pops Billy's cock from his mouth, licks his lips like a *predator*, Steve winks.

And Billy lets out a breathy laugh.

"*Fuck*, you're sexy." He declares, squeezing his fingers. "Hot as hell, baby."

"So much for cooling you down." Steve jokes, climbing up the length of Billy's body.

The kiss they share is sinful, Billy spearing his tongue between his lips to taste himself, fill Steve's mouth. He's *greedy*, his Billy. But he's also sweet.

And he wouldn't have him any other way.

Author's Note:

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